



PS 3523

.E853

L5

1910

Copy 1

THE LITTLE SINGER
AND OTHER VERSES
BY EMILY SARGENT LEWIS



Class PS 3523

Book .E853L5

Copyright N^o 1910

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



THE LITTLE SINGER
AND OTHER VERSES

ACKNOWLEDGMENT IS DUE TO LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S MAGAZINE, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, THE OUTLOOK, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, THE ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES, PUCK, AND ST. NICHOLAS, FOR THEIR COURTESY IN ALLOWING THESE POEMS TO BE REPRINTED

THE LITTLE SINGER
AND OTHER VERSES
BY EMILY SARGENT LEWIS



PHILADELPHIA & LONDON
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

1910

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

PS3523
.E853 L5
1910

Published October, 1910

*Printed by J. B. Lippincott Company
The Washington Square Press, Philadelphia, U. S. A.*

©CL A273608

CONTENTS

PART I

	PAGE
THE SONG OF THE LITTLE SINGER.....	9
THE CALL	10
LEFT UNDONE	12
THROUGH HALF-SHUT EYES	13
THE MIDDLE-AGED.....	14
THE GREEK DANCE.....	15
A PRAYER IN PAIN.....	16
RELIGION.....	17
THE TRIBUTE.....	18
A CRY.....	19
NO MORE AFRAID	20
THE BLIND CHILD	22
BY THE GATE	23
A MEMORY	24
THE POET'S LOT	25
SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.....	26
THE YOUNGEST OF THE NATIONS.....	27
SHIPMATES	29
EXPERIENCE.....	31
INNOCENCE	32
KENNETH.....	33
THE CHILD IN THE HOUSE	35
THE PRINCESS FAR-AWAY	36
TO MY MANUSCRIPT	38
VILLANELLE	40
TO ST. VALENTINE.....	41

JULIA AT EASTER.....	42
THE CLOCK	43
COMPENSATION.....	44
THE GOOD SAMARITAN.....	46
CONTRASTS	47
TO THE PIPSISSEWA	50
A LULLABY IN CAMP	52

PART II

THE MEASLES	55
"TOO FAR"	56
A FAMILY JAR	58
DANCING-CLASS DAY.....	60
THE FISH-HAWKS.....	61
THE TREASURE-BOX.....	63
PANSIES	64
THE MAY-QUEEN	65
HIS CHOICE.....	66
MY INDIAN POLICY	67
"SKY-TALK "	68
PANTOUM OF NOAH.....	70

PART I

To
MY FATHER

THE SONG OF THE LITTLE SINGER

HO, you who on your mountain-heights
Have sung the songs that must remain;
Sharing your torments and delights
I hail you, brothers, from the plain.

My pipe is but a slender reed,
My numbers halt, my fingers grope,
But like your own, my spirit's need
To voice its passion and its hope.

Lowly, I tend the Muse's shrine
Till the blest miracle be wrought,—
The rapture of the lyric line,
The capture of the cadenced thought.

THE CALL

WE are the sons of the Island-born
Whose lips craved the kiss of brine,
Of strong brown men who paced their decks,
And wan white women who wept their wrecks
Through the centuries' long line.

We were bred where towers of stone and brick
Blot out the piloting star ;
Where never a sea-gull flaps her wing,
Where the stifled winds no healing bring,
For the cleansing sea is far.

What can we wrest from the misty past ?
What heritage, say, have we ?
A thrill at glimpse of a sunlit sail,
And surge of blood to our cheeks, land-pale,
At sight of the open sea.

Stunned with the clatter of town and mart,
Hemmed in by visionless wall,
Like sea-birds nesting perforce in trees
Swept inland far from their native seas,
We hear in our hearts the Call.

*“Set sail and scud o’er my waters blue,
Asleep on my bosom lie;
Ride like a king on my crested waves,
Or find in my depths your clean salt graves;
Be mine for ever, and aye.”*

For we are sons of the Island-born
Whose lips craved the kiss of brine,
Of strong brown men who paced their decks,
And wan white women who wept their wrecks
Through the centuries’ long line.

LEFT UNDONE

AT vesper-tide
One virtuous and pure in heart did pray,
“Since none I wronged in deed or word to-day,
From whom should I crave pardon? Master, say.”

A voice replied:

“From the sad child whose joy thou hast not
planned;
The goaded beast whose friend thou didst not
stand;
The rose that died for water from thy hand.”

THROUGH HALF-SHUT EYES

CRAMPED by the limits of a garret-den,
What must he do who loves the peaks and sea
To keep his spirit somewhat sane and free,
Nor pace in torment, tiger-wise, his pen?

Let him call faithful Fancy to his aid—
She waits to serve the Soul, and not in vain—
Then cool his brow against the narrow pane,
And lo! the grimness and the squalor fade.

Through half-shut eyes yon steep roof in the glare
May be a Matterhorn's enticing height,
While some poor neighbor's flapping line of
white
Turns into spray, tossing itself in air.

This still our refuge from the things that be,
The half-shut eyes and spirit fancy-free.

THE MIDDLE-AGED

STOLID and strong beneath his load he stands;
He has forgotten how to leap and sing:
White-haired and helpless people to him cling,
While little children reach to clasp his hands.

Bright-eyed Romance, who once beguiled his way,
Impatiently outstrips his altered pace,
Turning sometimes, in mockery, her face,
As if to flout the dulness of his day.

No rosy mist of youth his vision knows,
Nor golden sunset clouds that cheer the old.
The stubborn Things of Life stand sharp and
bold
On that horizon towards which he goes.

O Middle-Age, so commonplace and cold,
What hero-tales thy commentaries hold!

THE GREEK DANCE

(TO ISADORA DUNCAN)

THE stage lies waiting, dimly-lighted, bare;
Behind it, shutting out all sight and sound,
Long curtains hang, and circle it half round
In folds like tree-trunks, thickly clustered there.
Beethoven's music trembles through the air—
Then centuries vanish, and at one glad bound
We are in Greece; her daughter, flower-crowned,
Comes dancing forth, young, exquisite, and rare.

The cymbals clash, and lo! great deeds are here:
We see the warrior's welcome after strife;
Nay, hush!—the mood melts to suspense and
fear—

Grief—supplication—then the air is rife
With children's joy and harvesters' bold cheer—
The pageant and the playfulness of life.

A PRAYER IN PAIN

LORD, I beseech Thee, not so sharp again;
I cannot suffer so and be Thy child;
I am some brute thing, tortured, trapped and
wild,
Fighting the hands that would relieve its pain.

I have known sorrow, Lord, and blessed Thy name,
Standing upright, although I could not see
Because of tears:—but still my soul was free,—
No coward then, I merited no blame.

But now, dear Lord, my weak flesh shames me so,
I pray Thee, ere from torture I grow dumb,
Let Thy bright angel with the sharp sword come
To slay me and Pain's demon at one blow.

This ask I in His name who once did shrink
From that too bitter cup they made Him drink.

RELIGION

SILENT and unresisting has she stood
The centuries long, an altar at her feet,
While chanting zealots butchered in the street,
Claiming her need for sacrificial blood.

Helpless, a captive, in her guarded place,
She waited, as the generations came
To hang dread masks of cruelty and shame
Before the wistful beauty of her face.

Yet 'neath her robes all blood-stained, wrenched
askew,
Beat a great heart with love of God made strong;
And this, through all the clamor and the wrong,
The seer, the poet, and the martyr knew.

Led by the Cross, the Vision, and the Song
The race toils on, though steep the way and long.

THE TRIBUTE

IN unforgotten, far-off, pagan years
Of ancient Greece, when Death-the-Victor
came,

Stealing from cheek the rose, from eye the flame,
Those left bereft, wiping away their tears,
And tremulous with childish half-formed fears,
Lest some rite, unobservéd, might bring blame,
On each still eyelid laid a coin, to claim
The right of passage o'er the Styx' dark meres.

But we, to whom the Christ has shown the Way,
When we must close the weary lids above
Eyes that have made for us life's very light,
No metal base on their chill white we lay,
Since the one tribute to a God of Love
Is Love's last kiss that seals the lashes tight.

A CRY

NOW when our gardens' sheltered buds are
 vying

With the wood's wildings, green at April's
 touch,

Out from the heart there comes a mighty crying,
"Give back our dead, we need them overmuch."

Ah, the soft petals, from their blossoms falling,
How like those cheeks that reddened at our
 praise!

Oh, the vine's tendril, by some charm recalling
Small hands that clung to ours in blessed days!

Hark, Mother Earth, as prodigal you quicken,
Bearing abundance, beauty without lack,
Hark to the cry of us so starved and stricken:—
"Give back our dead, to us our dead give back!"

NO MORE AFRAID

I

GOOD Death, if I had sung
Of you when I was young,
What fierce resentful rhymes
'Gainst you and all your crimes
All rashly had I flung
With bitter mocking tongue,
In those unlessoned times,
When I was young!

II

Then had I called you bold,
A robber, grim and old,
Snatching from Life's gay feast
The greatest guest or least,
To hale him to the cold
In your accursed hold,
While mirth and laughter ceased—
O, Grim and Old!

III

Of you I sing to-day;
But Youth has fled away,
 And now I find you mild,
 Looking most like a child—
That Child who pined one day,
Missing the angels' play,
 Till he no longer smiled,
 And fled away.

IV

So when your hand is laid
On me, no more afraid
 Nor loathing will I come;
 The Child will lead me home.
No more do I upbraid,
No more disdain Death's aid;
 For childless now I roam,—
 No more afraid.

THE BLIND CHILD

I KNOW what Mother's face is like,
Although I can not see:
It's like the music of a bell,
It's like the way the roses smell,
It's like the secrets fairies tell—
All these it's like to me.

I know what Father's face is like,
I'm sure I know it all:
It's like his step upon the stair,
It's like his whistle on the air,
It's like his arms that take such care,
And never let me fall.

So I can tell what God is like,
The God whom no one sees:
He's everything my Mother means,
He's everything my Father seems,
He's like my very sweetest dreams,
But greater than all these.

BY THE GATE

IN the church-yard by the gate,
Lies a little new-made grave,
Much shorter than my bed.
There some child like me must wait
Till God's Angel comes to save,
And tells him he's not dead.

Oh, I wonder, when it's late,
If he's tired of such long dreams—
He's lonely, too, I fear—
Then I'm glad he's by the gate,
Just inside, for so he seems
Nearer his Mother dear.

A MEMORY

MY Mother died when I was four,
That's why I can't remember more
Of what she used to do and say
So long ago—I'm six to-day.

I know one day she climbed with me,
Way up into the apple-tree,
The flowers fell down upon us so
We laughed and played that they were snow.

And then I used to help her fill
The blue jar on her window-sill
With crackers—just for my own self—
It's high up now upon the shelf.

Her hair was very black. I think
Her dress was almost always pink.
If God would let her come to-day
I'm sure I'd know her right away.

THE POET'S LOT

WHEN at dawn the Poet's garden found him
 Wandering within its scented mazes,
Lovely words were whispering around him,
 Singing syllables and pleasant phrases,
Begging him to give them life in sonnets.

While at noon he walked the crowded city
 To his busy brain what thoughts came throng-
 ing!

Thoughts of love and sorrow, pain and pity,
 Triumph, rage, revenge, defiance, longing,—
Clamorous, imploring for expression.

But at eve, his candle shining brightly,
 Paper outspread, eager as a lover,
Then he found the words had fled all lightly,
 While the wondrous thoughts were misted over—
And the Poet dubbed his muse a wanton.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY

ON such an April day as this
Brave Will, the lover, lightly ran
Across the fields to claim a kiss,—
A birthday kiss from Anne.

He did not plead in vain, I wis.
Think what he had, the lucky man!
A poet's heart, a lover's bliss,—
A birthday kiss from Anne.

THE YOUNGEST OF THE NATIONS

TO the youngest of His daughters spake the
God of all the Nations,—

They had kissed and met together, waiting at
His footstool there:—

“Thou hast seen thy sisters kneeling, thou hast
heard their acclamations;

Hast thou no hallelujah—thou, alone, no word
of prayer?”

Then the youngest of the Nations, very fair and
very stately,

Flinging back her star-wrought mantle, laid
down both her shield and spear,

And upon the golden cuirass crossed her strong
white arms sedately,

As she stood before the Presence, and spake
thus for all to hear:

“Still I seek the words to thank Thee, O Thou
God of my devotion,

For the harvests’ plenteous bounty; the treas-
ures of the mine;

For the peace within my borders, from far ocean
unto ocean;

For the freedom of my people, they who bless
my name with Thine.

“Since so much to me is given, much indeed must
I return Thee,

O most merciful and mighty, the great Ruler
of us all;

If the golden glitter dazzle, if the lust of conquest
burn me,

These, my sisters, watch me, smiling, but they
mock me if I fall.

“I am young for power and fortune,” she said,
the last-born Nation,

“And the pitfalls are so many in the paths that
youth must tread!

Be this my prayer unto Thee, ‘Lead us not into
temptation.’”

Then she knelt before the Father, and she
bowed her queenly head.

SHIPMATES

WHEN you sailed in the craft "Adventure,"
A cruising for Good Fortune's shore,
Did ever he merit your censure
By shirking the laboring oar?
If you steered for the murk before us,
Did he sulk or question your right,
Or fail to pipe loud in your chorus,
When weather was sunny and bright?

In shipwreck, who strained to deliver
You safe from the salt strangling froth?
Did he grudge you a single sliver
Of the spar that scarce held you both?
And when a chance current had tossed you
Safe, safe on the Fortunate Isle,
Did he count what the voyage cost you,
As he watched you waken and smile?

The perilous journey is done, lad,
The treasure lies full in your view,
And what have you now for your comrade?
Oh, a knife in his back—that will do.

What care if a shipmate lies mangled,
Since greed can turn love into hate?
Though the devil has long time angled,
He still reckons gold his best bait.

'Twere better the green seas had swept you
Far off from that splinter of mast,
Then had the eternal seas kept you
Good shipmate and true to the last.
And blest in the trust that he gave you
He'd rest with you there down below,
Far happier dying to save you,
Than living and scorning you so.

EXPERIENCE

“TUSH, pretty Stay-at-Home, safe by thy fire,
What of the world and it's need canst thou
know?

What of life's turmoil and keen desire,
Thou child, who the year long scarce did go
Through the gate in the castle-wall below?”

“Not so; while thy vessel tossed far from me
On a fearsome journey I went my way:
By the Gate-of-Death I learned to see,
At the Gate-of-Birth I learned to pray,
For God taught me much in a single day.”

INNOCENCE

I TOWER so high above you, little son,
You think me brave and strong and passing
wise;

While I, with half life's battles fought and done,
Bow to the glory that around you lies,—
The visions white you brought from Paradise.
My soul soars to your level, spotless one,
Only when on my knees I meet your eyes,—
Not when I tower above you, little son.

KENNETH

IF I shut my eyes and whisper his name
Then a picture comes—it's always the same:

A little round pond and a brook that sings
'Mid hum of insects and flutter of wings;

Two friendly cows in the grass to their knees,
And some horses glad of their Sunday ease,

While over it all was May's bluest sky;—
We played by the pond there—Kenneth and I.

With long leafy branches we cleared away
The scum that thick on its surface lay;

Then over the dam we both steered it well
In shining green islands that lightly fell,

While the water-spiders rushed to and fro,
And the big frogs splashed to the depths below.

At last the pond was as blue as the sky;—
We gazed at it proudly—Kenneth and I.

Slender and straight I remember him there,
With God's sunshine bright on his yellow hair;

The little brown breeches, the shirt of blue,
And the splashed tan shoes, muddy stockings too,

They are all in the picture, clear each line
Of the balanced figure, alert and fine.

His plan had succeeded, the pond was free,
And he smiled with a smile that was good to see.

The dear little lad with the sunny hair,
Loving and daring, generous and fair,

Though we do not know where his feet now play,
Nor what lessons his brave soul learns to-day,

We can feel that beyond us, somewhere he
Still smiles with that smile that was good to see.

THE CHILD IN THE HOUSE

HARK to the song of her,
Oh, the Child-heart of her!
Naught is there wrong in her,
Not any part of her.
Hark to the song of her,
Bless the Child-heart of her!

Joy in the glance of her,
Oh, the Child-face of her!
Watch now the dance of her,
See the glad grace in her.
Joy in the glance of her,
Bless the Child-face of her!

Kneel to the trust in her,
Oh, the Child-soul of her!
Beg but a crust of her,
Gain you the whole of her.
Kneel to the trust in her,
Bless the Child-soul of her!

THE PRINCESS FAR-AWAY *

THEIR bliss is none too rare
Who worship chestnut hair,
Or her who's dark or fair
In tress;
If gold, black, chestnut, say
Too easily their yea;—
*I love the far-away
Princess!*

How valueless a gem
Is constancy in them,
If but to kiss her hem
They may!
If their reward's no less
Than just a hand to press,—
*I love my own Princess
Away!*

Supreme it is to yearn
In love without return,
And for Her e'er to burn,
No less;

[* Translated from Rostand's "La Princesse Lointaine."]

With love no guerdons pay,
Noble as vain for aye;—
I love the far-away
Princess!

Divine, when love is sent
Where but to guess, invent,
Imagine, dream anent
We may.
The Dream alone can bless.
Life without dreams, what's less?
I love my own Princess
Away!

TO MY MANUSCRIPT

(RONDEAU REDOUBLÉ)

I SEND thee forth, but not in rage,
Yet hoping ne'er thy face to see;
Although I love thee, pretty page,
I dread thy swift return to me.

And as I gaze admiringly
My pain at parting I'll assuage:
This farewell to thee needs must be,
I send thee forth, but not in rage.

The hours will drag, a very age,
Until some tidings come from thee;
I'll pine like bird within a cage,
Yet hoping ne'er thy face to see.

In dreams I hear sweet praise of thee,
Applause for thee upon life's stage.
I blush to think such flattery,
Although I love thee, pretty page.

Go seek the Editor so sage,
Show him thy beauties fair and free,
Tell him thou'lt stay for scanty wage;—
I dread thy swift return to me.

If blind to all thy worth is he,
For little while I'll take umbrage,
And murmur at his cruelty,
Then once again, with parting gage,
I send thee forth.

VILLANELLE

WHY should you be so unkind?
Why not gentle as you ought?
Is it easy love to find?

Well I loved you, I remind,
Love's too precious to be bought;—
Why should you be so unkind?

Fast our lives were intertwined,
Sweet our interchange of thought;—
Is it easy love to find?

Fair are you, and I opine
Grace with courtesy was fraught;—
Is it easy love to find?

Long I loved you, then divined
Flattery, not love, you sought;—
Is it easy love to find?

Death will come like winter wind
Setting all our loves at naught.
Why should you be so unkind?
Is it easy love to find?

TO SAINT VALENTINE

GOOD Valentine, the patron saint
Of lovers, so they say,
To you I make my woful plaint
'Gainst her who says me nay:
Had she lived in your Saintship's day
It would have been no joke
For you—since her most cruel way
Would any saint provoke.

Oh, look not at me thus askance,
Secure within your shrine,
For had you glimpsed in contradance
My lady's ankle fine;
Or had you met her mocking eyes,
Half-hidden by her fan,
You'd not have been *Saint* Valentine,
But just a helpless man!

JULIA AT EASTER

IF I have been peculiar,
If I have seemed *distrain*,
'Twas all the fault of Julia,
And her provoking way.

For forty days she's flouted
And saddened me with jeers;
For forty days she's pouted,
And maddened me with sneers!

To-day, at early dawning,
This message Julia sent:
"Expect you Easter morning—
Just gave you up for Lent."

So if I seem peculiar,
And still appear *distrain*,
'Tis on account of Julia
And her perplexing way.

THE CLOCK

THE clock you gave me long ago
 Stands in its wonted place;
Nor ever fast, nor ever slow,
Its pendulum swings to and fro
 Beneath its painted face.

The fragile, gilded, crystal thing
 Unscathed and sure abides:
Its meshing wheels, its slender spring,
The chimes its sleepless hammers ring
 Are faithful as the tides.

But you, the passing years reveal
 Less constant than your gift:
Not steadfast like its works of steel,
To you no loyalties appeal,—
 O, vagrant as the drift!

COMPENSATION

YEA, in truth the day is drear with its talk and
foolish smiling,

And the tasks so long a-doing that were better
left undone;

Yet be patient, O my soul, and reflect for thy
beguiling

On the bliss that dreams will bring us when the
day's hard race is won.

For we'll slip the body's leash, and we'll leave it
to its sleeping—

Poor, deserted, joyless body, that can never share
our flight—

Then far beyond the star-space soon our won-
drous tryst be keeping

With that One who waits and watches for our
coming all the night.

Strong the love Death thought to vanquish, the
ties he sought to sever,

But we flout him, the grim Reaper, with his
threat of tomb and pall;

Not his touch can chill the dream-kiss, its passion
lasts forever,

Nor his coffin hold a spirit, if a lover's spirit call.

Hush! chide not loud the sunshine, so unmindful
of our sorrow,
Lest it point its yellow fingers, mocking at the
vacant place.
The pitying darkness comes ere the desolate to-
morrow,
And within its tender shelter shall we see the
vanished face.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

HOW then did the Fates endow him,
They who bring birth-gifts to man,
What vision did they allow him,
A blessing, was it, or ban?

They gave him eyes ever peering
For lost ones who faint and die;
They made his ear sharp for hearing
The moan, the sob, and the sigh.

His heart is doomed to be tender,
His hand predestined to save;
For the Fates brook no surrender
Of the awful gift they gave.

CONTRASTS

LITTLE brother, little brother, so grimy, wan
and weary,

Why go down into that pit most dark and dread ?

See, the hills are white with snow,

And a-coasting we can go;

Then your cheeks will grow like mine, bright rosy
red.

Little brother, little brother, so grimy, wan and
weary,

What place is there for boyhood's joy in mines all
cold and dreary ?”

So called a child of daylight, passing by;

But the little child of darkness made reply:

“I must not join you in your play,

I may not see the happy day,

The coal I break in endless night

Will keep your nursery fires alight.”

“Little sister, little sister, pale, pitiful and slender,
Do not stay among those whirring wheels so long.
School is over, come with me
To the meadows or the sea;
Let us fill the day with laughter and with song.
Little sister, little sister, pale, pitiful and slender,
What room is there in shop or mill for girlhood
frail and tender?”

So spoke a child of freedom passing by;
But the little child of serfdom made reply:
“I have not learned to laugh or sing;
I toil till night its rest may bring.
Though I know neither bird nor rose,
Through me your father’s treasure grows.”

“Little brother, little sister, so woful in your
sighing,
Such wrongs as these for children cannot be!
Did not the dear Christ love us?
See, His churches tower above us;
We are taught His blessings at our mother’s knee.
Little brother, little sister, so woful in your
sighing,
Would strong men climb to riches over little
children, dying?”

So the children of the sunshine, wond'ring, cried;
But the children of misfortune low replied:
"This Christ of yours we have not seen,
Nor do we know what blessings mean.
If Love and Law both pass us by
Our only protest is to die."

TO THE PIPSISSEWA

(PRINCE'S PINE)

I BUILT my house on Jersey sands,
Where I could hear the sounding sea;
The squirrels scampered o'er my lands,
The friendly thrushes greeted me;
Beneath the pines that stand before
And sentinel my cottage door,
Your drooping blossoms waxy clear,
You bloomed, Pipsissewa, my dear.

Now who would call you "Prince's Pine,"
A name that smacks of courts and kings?
I love your Indian title fine,
For memories of old times it brings,
When through these Jersey woods of ours,
Finding sweet names for birds and flowers,
The peaceful Lenapes did stray,
Nor guessed how brief the red man's day.

Your fragrant blossoms sweetened June,
Your brave leaves linger, lasting green,
While near them, in this August moon,
Your cousin, Indian Pipe, is seen.
So on the fair procession wends
Of all your kinsmen and your friends.
I wait for you another year—
Be prompt, Pipsissewa, my dear.

A LULLABY IN CAMP

DOWN on the river floats my canoe;

Sleep, little hunter, sleep;

The waves rock it lightly, I rock you;

Sleep, little hunter, sleep.

Keen is the call of the wind and tide,

But happier we in camp to bide,—

We two, little hunter, we two.

Your feet grow restless, your feet grow strong;

Sleep, little hunter, sleep;

Soon shall we bind them with snow-shoes' thong;

Sleep, little hunter, sleep.

Not long before you paddle and steer,

Shoot the rapids, and follow the deer;—

Not long, little hunter, not long.

The young birds drowse in the swaying nest;

Sleep, little hunter, sleep;

The new moon slips to bed in the west;

Sleep, little hunter, sleep.

Hush! lest the bat should claim you brother,

Hush! lest the owl be called your mother;—

Now rest, little hunter, now rest.

PART II

My own and well-beloved nursery crew,
Critics and inspiration of these rhymes,
In memory of many happy times
I dedicate these little songs to you.

THE MEASLES

THE Measles is a Bad Disease,
It makes you very Red and Hot;
Your eyes keep crying all They please,
Whether You want to cry or not.

The Doctor listens at your Back,
And bids Nurse take your nighty off,
Then down your throat he sticks a Pack
Of Spoons and Things that make you cough.

He's glad your Fever is not high,
And that your Rash is coming out—
You cannot see exactly why
There's much to be so "Glad" about.

The Measles gives you Awful Thinks
And Dreadful Dreams of scary things,
So then your Mother brings you drinks,
And sits beside your Bed and sings.

All day She stays with you a lot,
And hardly ever goes to Teas—
Which is the only thing that's not
Just hateful in this Bad Disease.

“TOO FAR”

I'VE been visiting my grand-papa
At his great house in the town,
A funnier man I never saw,
Not even the circus clown—
Not the very best circus clown.

He's big as the biggest giant, I guess,
He speaks as loud as a cow;
But I'm not afraid of him, unless
He says, “That will do, now-now!
That will do right away, now-now!”

Oh, then I know that I've spilled some ink,
Or left the front door ajar,
Or said “I *guess*” instead of “I *think*;
Or gone what he calls “too far”—
I wonder how far is “too far.”

But if I say I want to go home
And see my mother,—why then
He says, “Pooh-pooh,” or perhaps, “Come, come,”
And we get good friends again—
Yes, the very best friends again.

If I have a grandson when I'm old,
Just like my dear grand-papa,
I think it will be great fun to scold
Whenever *he* goes "too far"—
If I know how far is "too far."

A FAMILY JAR

I ASKED in my prayers for a baby brother,
And wasn't I glad when they sent down you?
I didn't suppose you'd be such a bother,
And break every plaything I have in two.
Just look at that doll there!
Just look at her toes!
Just look at her poor hair,
And look at her nose!

I thought that the angels would teach you some
manners,
And make you a good boy for all of your days;
They must have been too busy singing hosannas
To spare any time for you and your ways.
Just look at my tea-things,
My paint-box, my bank!
If Mother could see things
As I do, she'd spank.

Now there's no use at all in this silly crying,
And hiding your naughty face in my dress.
Maybe all little brothers are sometimes trying;—
You are not the baddest of all, I guess.
So look up and kiss me,
You poor little lamb!
A cross horrid Sissy—
That's just what I am.

DANCING-CLASS DAY

HAVE to hurry home from school,
Eat my dinner in a trice,
Mustn't wait for soup to cool,
Mustn't ask for pudding twice.
All this nonsense, fuss, and prance,
'Cause I've got to learn to dance.

Up in my room on the bed,
Well I know what things await;
All laid out and neatly spread
Are the togs I simply hate:
Shiny shoes and stockings slick,
Starch enough to make you sick.

Then what makes it worse is those
Silly little sissy-girls,
Jumping for their party clothes,
Sticking ribbons on their curls,
Really glad they have to go
To the old disgusting show.

THE FISH-HAWKS

IN summer-time I love to lie
Upon the sandy beach,
And watch the fish-hawks sailing by.
Far up above my reach.

And when one dives I always wish
That it may lucky be,
And catch a shiny wriggling fish
For the young fish-hawks' tea.

Since these, I know, are wondering
Way up in their high nest,
If mother in her claws will bring
The dainty they like best.

"O mother, is it bass?" they say,
"Or is it mack'rel fat?"
You gave us bluefish yesterday,
And flounders are too flat."

The mother folds her weary wings,
And stills her children's words;
She bids them eat whate'er she brings,
Like thankful little birds.

That's what my mother says to us,
To Sissy, Babe, and me,
If we make just the slightest fuss
About our nursery tea.

THE TREASURE-BOX

SOMETIMES when I am not quite well,
And can not run about,
My mother gets her precious box—
The one she always shuts and locks—
And takes the treasures out.

She lets me put her necklace on,
Her bracelets gold and green;
The breastpin with the lady's head,
The ring with pearls and rubies red—
I feel just like a queen.

My grandma's painted fan is there,
And little silver knife,
With that bright medal people gave
My father who was very brave,
And saved a person's life.

Then when we wrap the treasures up,
And put them all away,
My mother almost always lays
Her hand upon my head and says,
"They'll all be yours some day."

PANSIES

I'D been a naughty girl that day—
At least that's what they said—
And so they took my dolls away,
And sent me all alone to play
Down by the pansy-bed.

I did not know what I should do
Without a single child,
Till all the Pansies, white and blue,
Purple, and brown, and yellow too,
Looked up at me and smiled.

They said, "Oh, do not feel so sad!
Let us your children be."
Then what a happy time we had!—
I quite forgot that I'd been bad;—
The Pansies played with me.

THE MAY-QUEEN

NOW what can a little girl do but cry,
When she'd planned to be Queen of the May,
And had put on her frock with ribbons blue,
A rosy wreath, and a white veil too,—
And it turns out a rainy day?

What right has a naughty March wind to blow?
Doesn't March know it's over and past?
And why should April have left some showers
To drench a poor little May-Queen's flowers,
When her May-Day had come at last?

Can a May-Queen sit on a dripping throne,
With umbrellas to keep her dry?
Can subjects dance in their rubber boots,
And spoil their Sunday-best May-Day suits?
No,—there's nothing to do but cry.

HIS CHOICE

“*SPAZIEREN* geh’n mit *Fräulein*,”

Is not what I call gay:

No matter what I want to do

She’s very sure to say,

“*Nein, nein, lieb Kind, was machst du da?*

Ich sage es deinem Papa.”

“*Me prom’ner avec Marie*,”

Is not for such as I;

For just as soon as fun begins

Then *she* begins to cry,

“*O mon Petit, ne fais pas ça,*

Je vais le dire à ta Maman.”

To take a stroll with Bridget,

Now that’s what I call fun,

She lets me dance, she lets me sing,

She lets me jump and run;

If I get into mischief—well,

She says, “Whist, child!—I’ll never tell.”

MY INDIAN POLICY

I LIVE in a most peaceful home,
Upon a quiet street;
Yet when within my door I come
I'm very apt to meet
Two savage braves in gorgeous suits,
And moccasins instead of boots.

Now who is safe from tomahawks
When such as these appear?
They utter awful yells and squawks
That pierce their victim's ear.
'Tis best to go down on my knees,
And grant them anything they please.

For these fierce chieftains will not take
My scalp, if I will give
A slice of that especial cake
On which they love to live;
And if I offer cambric tea
They'll very friendly Indians be.

“SKY-TALK”

MY brother came to this country
Just one little year ago:
Of course he doesn't speak English,
Except for a word or so;
But he talks the cunningest language
That he learned up in Angeltown,
And which I have quite forgotten—
It's so long since I came down.

One day we took little brother
Out in the park for a ride;
And nurse was pushing his carriage,
While I marched proudly beside:
When we met the darlingest baby,
Who was just learning how to walk,
And as soon as they saw each other
Both babies began to talk.

They gee-geed and goo-good together
About one heavenly day
When the angels took them flying
All over the Milky Way;
And about the clouds they rolled on,
With *such* shooting stars to chase;
And the garden of beautiful lilies
Where they saw the Christ-Child's face.

Then just as I was remembering
That language down in my heart,
Nurse said it was time to be going,
And the babies had to part.
Still I long so much to be able
To talk of those heavenly things;
I'd fly right up and learn Sky-talk,
If I knew where to find some wings.

PANTOUM OF NOAH

THANK Goodness, we're safely afloat!
It's a wonder that no one was late,
Though I said this would be the last boat,
And they could not expect us to wait.

It's a wonder that no one was late,
The Snails are not often on time;
And they could not expect us to wait;—
Delay in this case would be crime.

The Snails are not often on time,
So the Kangaroo gave them a lift.
Delay in this case would be crime;—
The whole population's adrift!

So the Kangaroo gave them a lift—
Unlikeness so often endears—
The whole population's adrift;—
I don't like the way Japheth steers.

Unlikeness so often endears,
I've put the Dogs in with the Fleas;
I don't like the way Japheth steers,—
We're shipping some very bad seas.

I've put the Dogs in with the Fleas—
In Union is Strength, I am told.
We are shipping some very bad seas;—
There's an Elephant loose in the hold.

In Union is Strength, I am told;—
No "Open Shop" rule for this Ark.
There's an elephant loose in the hold,
With the Steerage beginning to bark.

No "Open Shop" rule for this Ark;
I must avoid strikes at all cost,
With the Steerage beginning to bark,
And all our umbrellas are lost.

I must avoid strikes at all cost;
Shem and Ham are no help in a crack,
And all our umbrellas are lost—
My wife doesn't know how to pack.

Shem and Ham are no help in a crack—
They are young for their three hundred years;
My wife doesn't know how to pack;
My sons' wives are foolish with fears.

They are young for their three hundred years;—
Zoölogy's not in their line;—
My sons' wives are foolish with fears;
The head-work must always be mine.

Zoölogy's not in their line,
The weather, they vote, is a bore,
The head-work must always be mine—
Now why should the passengers roar?

The weather, they vote, is a bore,
They wager 'twill be a short rain.
Now why should the passengers roar?
They surely ought not to complain.

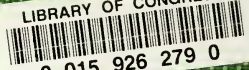
They wager 'twill be a short rain,
Though I said this would be the last boat;
They surely ought not to complain;—
Thank Goodness! we're safely afloat.

OCT 18 1910

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

OCT 18 1910

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 926 279 0